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Psalms of The Sea

DREAMS

By EVERETT BOSTON

I have come to dream by the sea where the surf thunders and the air is sweet with salt.
I burn incense in my pipe, and worship, after my own way.
I am tired of men, who have so many wonders of their own that they can not see the wonders of God
So I have come to watch the flexing of muscles under the green garment which is the surface of the sea.
And to dream, according to my fancy.

I create a bizarre figurein yellow and red, who is a page of the Queen;
Then I borrow a patch of purple sky and make a lady's eyes.
And I jumble around them steel, green, gold, blue, and black, all the colors of the court and castle and battle, lords and ladies and monks and knights errant.
And an old brown figure, which is the villain.
Then the colors glint, and run, and mingle, and fade.
So music and sword-clash and clanking armor; many voices, baying dogs, trumpets, neighing horses, and rustling dresses . . . .all these sounds swell, linger, and die.
And the page holds the form of the woman with purple eyes, and kisses her.

I walk back from the sea and they ask me, "What did you see? What did you do?"
Then I grow red, and stammer in embarrassment.
For I can not tell them that I saw the woman I loved and killed five men for her sake, dared a king, fought a battle, married her and begat children.
They would say I was crazy.
Yet I swear that it is now that I am dreaming, but they cannot understand, so I go down to the sea to live my life as I would have it, and to worship according to my lights.

The Man Who Loved Wild Animals

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

JAMES HOLIWINKLE was a lover of wild animals. Without his fully realizing it, the fact influenced most of his life. It not only dictated his frequent trips into the north woods, the jungles, or to the arid slopes of the Rockies, it swayed the course of his city life as a young man with a good deal of money and consequent leisure. Obviously it sent him to whatever circuses came to the city during the season. He did not in the least care to see animals perform, but he liked to study them in their cages, the long scythelike swing of a tiger's head, the sleek gaiety of seals, the grotesque dignity of camels. The keepers of the zoo all knew him. Sometimes he had a flash of pleasure when a young delivery horse would fling up his head in a crowd and snort, or a police dog would saunter by with the silent slouch of a wolf. His eye never missed a cat. And unconsciously he looked among people for the same spontaneous grace that charmed him in animals. A startled glance seen in a crowd, an angry set of a head, a walk with an easy swing from the hips, would fill him with the most intense delight. He resented the fact that most human beings should be so civilized out of naturalness into a series of masked automatons. He went to prize fights for the sake of the beauty of the animal poses. In the slums he had more than once been stirred by the slinking movements of outcasts. He felt the dignity of truckmen. Once he had been in love for a week with an extremely sullen woman, but at the end of seven days he had learned to distinguish between an unconquered spirit and bad temper.

It was on an afternoon of early fall that he found himself walking along the grating of Gramercy Park, going to have tea with the Howard Careys. He watched the children playing quietly on the walks. The gardeners were raking leaves, and through the odors of the city he could smell the blue smoke of their burning. The elevator man told him that the Careys had not come in yet, but as he knew them well, he rang, gave his coat to a maid, and was half way across the living room before a book, dropped to the floor, and a quick stir made him realize that he was not alone. It was sunny and he was facing into the light, but like a shadow across the windows he saw a girl, standing startled where she had risen quickly from a low chair. He made out a small face and eyes much too big for it fixed upon him with a strange tense timidity. Instinctively he stopped where he was, and apologized in a quiet level voice for surprising her. He felt her relax and heard her murmur something about having been deep in a book and not having heard him enter, and then she introdued herself half-audibly as Howard's cousin. He knew a little about her, and wondered whether he ought to speak of her brother whom he had known at school

and who had died in a German prison camp. He had been very different from this girl, James thought, a stolid sort of boy as he remembered.

In a moment, before he had made up his mind to speak, the others came in carrying with them a flood of talk and questions. Millicent's capable, heavily-ringed hands were soon in command of her tea tray. Howard was talking Russian politics, with Millicent interrupting at tangents on Roerich, the Russian Inn, baklava, and the Moscow theatre. Sylvia Howard relaxed in her chair and said almost nothing. Her eyes went from speaker to speaker. James noticed how thin her wrists and ankles were, showing the bones, but decided immediately that her touch of awkwardness was charming.

After that he thought of her constantly, and saw her as much as possible. When he found Millicent alone he talked about her.

"It would be so nice if someone fell in love with Sylvia," said Millicent "but she is so shy. Do you think you could make an effort?"

"It wasn't any effort at all," said James, and Millicent's tone turned serious.

"You know she seems to like you immensely. You're the only one who comes here that she's not afraid of. She has led such a shut-in unnatural sort of life, poor little thing. And neither she nor her mother has ever got over the shock of Tom's death. You know it was months before they could find out what had happened to him."

He wooed her very carefully. He never frightened her. He even remembered not to move or laugh suddenly The confidence she began to show in him gave him an exquisite pleasure. Sometimes she would let him draw her out into little bursts of talk, and then suddenly the sound of her own voice would seem to frighten her and she would be silent again. When other people were there she would always come near him as though for protection from the strangers. He exerted his will to soothe her. When she laughed, he would feel a surge of triumph.

They were married quietly. He had redecorated the apartment for her. The long living room had been papered in pale clear green, the shafts of a bamboo grove seen through mist. There were no pictures, only mirrors, round and bright as pools. For the windows he had secured with some trouble old fashioned jalousies which when lowered let the sunlight fall in strips on the leaf-brown carpets. The inner curtains and cushions were of lichen gray and silver. On a stand he had a small bronze fawn by Barye, with head raised, intently listening.

For six weeks they lived in their own Paradise. She was a creature always in flight, but when he thought she could never be caught, there she would be, having circled back to him of her own volition. She used to hum an old song he had taught her—

"We'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub we'll bind with a chain,
"And the gay gazelle with the silver feet
I'll give thee for a playmate, sweet."

At the end of six weeks Sylvia came down with a cold.

The following day she went to bed, and that evening he called a doctor in,

and the round mirrors reflected for an hour his anxious pacings to and fro. When the doctor joined him he was looking serious.

"Is her cold as bad as that?" asked James.

'Its not her cold" said the doctor. "That is nothing. But Mrs. Holiwinkle is on the edge of a very serious nervous breakdown."

"She's never said she was not feeling well," said James.

"Hasn't she seemed to you nervous, easily upset?" The doctor paused a moment to let the question bring its own answer. Then he went on: "I asked her a few questions. I gather her trouble is caused by worry over her brother when she was young followed by a dull and lonely life. She is in such a state now that it would be unwise to leave her here for the present. She should go to a sanatorium for a while."

Nothing could make the doctor retract his opinion. The specialist James called in concurred emphatically. She left him, and the last memory he had of her was of her body trembling in his arms, and of a small white face in which he could only see the great frightened eyes.

Nearly three months went by before he was notified that she was well enough to return home. He had not heard from her at all, as she was not allowed to write letters, and the telegram telling him what train he was to meet excited him almost painfully. The rush of the engine, the porters, the passengers, were blurs on his vision until he made her out. She seemed different; for one thing he had never seen her hat before. In the darkness of the taxi-cab he was surprised at her cheerful questions and comments, volunteered in a voice slower and more confident than he remembered. But it was not until they had taken off their wraps and had come to sit by the birch fire in the living room while the maid brought them coffee, that he had time to realize the extent of the difference. Sylvia was heavier; gone was that frightened grace of movement. She no longer started at anything. Her gaze was placid. Her manner was proprietory. She talked of her symptoms and of the doctors and nurses she had just left; she asked him questions about his housekeeping. With every minute she reminded him more and more of her brother. He could not disguise the truth from himself: she was a very commonplace young woman.

And even as he grappled with chaos her voice would not leave him alone.

"It's so glorious" he could hear her saying "to feel really myself again. Why, the last time I was here I was afraid of my own shadow. And you were so patient with me, darling! Isn't it wonderful the difference they've made in me?"

James Holiwinkle in a shattered universe had a vision of the undying ironies. It was in his usual voice that he said:

"You're right. The change is nothing short of a miracle."

Then he looked down again at the fire of little birch logs.

Two Poems

By KENNETH FEARING

Moral (OP. 1)

It does no good
To call life a bad coin
And thump it loudly on the table.

Slip it to some one quietly
With pious fingers
Covering the hole.

Moral (OP. 2)

Read, as the dreamer reads,
Only between the lines.

Everything else is indubitably
A misprint, a devilish misprint.

Revolutions

By IDELLA PURNELL

I know now why the revolutions are.
If one keeps still, he feels the summer dust
Upon his mind, and on his heart grey rust,—
And the only cure for that, is war, is war!
One doesn't have to wander very far
To find a wave that lifts him to its crest;
And there he tastes the gay joys of unrest,
The mad reward of following a star!

This is a country where everything seems wrong
Unless one has the wit to understand
That the thorniest cactus bears the brightest flower,
The blindest beggar knows the sweetest song,
The deepest river flows through rocky land,
And in wildest battle is one perfect hour!

Introduction To Counter-sound

By JOHN McCLURE

COUNTER-sound in verse I define as the development of contrasting variations upon a basic rhythmical theme, the harmonizing of oppositional cadences.

Slight variations in meter, such as the injection of an extra, short syllable into iambics without an appreciable disturbance of the movement, cannot come within this definition, as the variation, to be an example of the skillful exercise of counter-sound, must be either an added music (as an injected melodious phrase complete in itself) or a distinctly differentiated music (as a cadence which represents a departure from the basic theme or a sharp distortion of it).

Counter-sound must not be confused with internal rhyming, though it may involve internal rhyme.

In making clear what I refer to, I quote a few examples of verse in ordinary flexible phrasing (regular prosody is scarcely to be found in any good verse) and a few stanzas involving sharp counter-sound.

From Shakespeare's sonnets, one can select the following:

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

These lines are a capital example of the fine resonance of flexible English iambics. From the same sonnets one can select, as an example of counter-sound (in this instance applied in the injection of a rhyming phrase, which is a complete harmony in itself:)

"When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme."

Remaining in the field of Shakespeare's shorter poems, but taking now a song, one finds superb flexible regular measures:

"When daises pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."

Compare those lines with these:

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

That song, which has haunted all readers of English poetry for three centuries, affords a perfect example of counter-sound, here involving a sharp distortion of the rhythmical movement.

Another of the most charming lyrics in English involves a supremely skillful use of counter-sound in the refrain which caps its magic:

"Weep you no more, sad fountains:....
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping.

"Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:....
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
....Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping!
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping.

Finally, consider this stanza from Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynd's Madrigal":

"Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest;
Ah! wanton, will ye?"

In this, Lodge employs distortion or "throw-back", complicating that application of counter-sound by an unexpected abandonment of rhyme for which he substitutes simply a fluid sound.

Counter-sound flourished generally in English literature only during the Elizabethan period, when every balladist was an expert in this most difficult art. Since, men have dabbled in it extensively, and one or two have arrived at mastery, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Walter de la Mare, being wizards in fact. Blake and Coleridge applied counter-sound. Swinburne overworked this medium as he overworked all the others. Poe knew what it was better than any American. Lanier sensed it. Heinrich Heine was a master of it in Germany. Tom o'Bedlam comprehended it thoroughly. Robert Graves is an expert in it now and then.

Thomas Campion, of all the men whose names are familiar to us (though he had peers who cared so little for the honor of posterity that they did not sign their songs) is perhaps the greatest conscious master of counter-sound in English. He is, of course, crowded closely by Rossetti, whose verse more nearly resembles music than anyone's, and by Walter de la Mare, whose rhythms seem to be less conscious and to partake more of ecstasy. It is questionable if any poet has woven more extremely personal and idiomatic variations on the basic rhythms of our speech than the strange cadences of Mr. de la Mare. To be sure, his rhythms are often clearly defined basic themes of his own (as distinct as trochee or iamb) but, building upon these strange foundations, themselves a distortion of the customary, he still weaves irrepressible variations, a sort of counter-sound upon counter-sound, magic upon magic, a strangely rich and puzzling music.

The use of counter-sound generally is returning in our day. Many men and women in England and America are exercising it, or attempting to. The vers libre movement has been responsible for the drift of many toward variegated rhythm, and Mr. Pound and "H. D." certainly, as well as a number of others in the movement, know all about counter-sound. But for illustration of the art, I prefer to draw on rhymed metrical verse, since in free verse it is often almost impossible to determine the basic rhythmical theme, and frequently none exists. Free verse, in fact, is evolved and departs from a given starting point "in the sequence of the musical phrase," and, when it is really good verse, is likely to be simply a skillful exercise in counter-sound throughout. "Holy Satyr," by "H. D." is a charming example of rhymed metrical vers libre. There is expert use of which the application of counter-sound is surprisingly fine. I could refer to any one of a dozen poems by Ezra Pound, in vers libre. There is expert use of counter-sound in "Cortege for Rosenbloom" by Wallace Stevens.

"They carry the wizened one
Of the color of horn
To the sullen hill,
Treading a tread
In unison for the dead....

"It is the infants of misanthropes
And the infants of nothingness
That tread
The wooden ascents
Of the ascending of the dead."

Many fine examples could be drawn from this fine poet's work.

Too often the poets who employ or attempt to employ counter-sound produce a variation in rhythm with a thin or empty tone content or an occasional excellent injected musical phrase or internal harmony of syllables deadened by soggy basic rhythms. But the countersound can be no better than the verses and beautiful variations can be indulged in only by poets who can write beautifully without them. Many poets who are extremely facile versifiers weave intricate variations in rhyme-structure which might seem superficially to involve counter-sound, but which on inspection generally prove to be acrobatics rather than harmonics.

Counter-sound is an art which, unless one is mad like Tom O'Bedlam, requires considerable preparation. Thomas Campion, one notes, was a profound student of classical quantitative prosody and was a trained musician.

Numerous elements enter into the art of counter-sound and several are likely to enter into any good specimen. Among these elements (this is not pretended to be an exhaustive study, or scientific) are the following:

I. *An injected musical phrase which is a complete "song in itself."*

I have quoted "Beauty making beautiful old rhyme." Consider these lines from Campion:

"Love and sweet beauty makes the stubborn mild,
And the coward fearless,
The wretched miser's care to bounty turns,
Cheering all things cheerless."

Again from Thomas Campion, one can choose these lines:

"Kind in unkindness, when will you relent
And cease with faint love true love to torment?"

It is evident that these verses are developed on an iambic structure but that the first five syllables are not only a complete musical phrase but a conscious distortion of the rhythmical theme. The phrase has an inner vitality of movement, enriched by an inevitable quantitative inflection of the first syllable of "unkindness," and is actually a song in itself. One can note in passing that the second of these lines is trangly retarded by quantitative phrasing.

The following lines by Walter de la Mare offer an example of an injected musical phrase:

"The little Nubian boys who fan
Her cheeks and tresses clear
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful voices
Seem afar to hear."

Again from de la Mare, "Song of the Mad Prince," I quote:

"Who said 'All time's delight
Hath she for narrow bed;
Life's troubled bubble broken'?
That's what I said."

And lastly, in this connection, the following lines from Rossetti:

"Ah, might I, by thy good grace
Groping in the windy stair,
(Darkness and the breath of space
Like loud waters everywhere),
Meeting mine own image there
Face to face,
Send it from that place to her!"

II. *Distortion of the rhythmical theme.*

Under this caption come not only internal variations of rigid prosodic forms, but the manipulation of flexible rhythms and cadences which from their very inception are distortions of the

customary movements of verse or speech. The cadences of Mr. De la Mare, of some of the old lyrical ballads, some of the cadences of Robert Graves and William Blake, among many others, may be cited. It must be emphasized that a bizarre or unusual rhythm, if it is rigidly followed, cannot be considered as involving counter-sound. The poems to which I refer often have a bizarre basic theme, but they are enriched by sharp variations, and the employment of variations is the essence of counter-sound.

I quote first a variety of specimens of such flexible rhythms, beginning with one of the old ballads:

"Up then spak the nut-brown bride,
  She spak wi' meikle spite;
And whair gat ye that rose-water
  That does mak ye sae white?"

Then consider these lines from "Waly, waly:"

"But had I wist before I kissed
  That love had been sae ill to win
I had locked my heart in a case of gowd
  And pinned it wi' a sillar pin.
And O! if my young babe were born,
  And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gone
  And the green grass growing over me!"

I quote from Robert Graves:

"The silent shepherdess,
  She of my vows,
Here with me exchanging love
  Under dim boughs.

"Shines on our mysteries
  A sudden spark....
'Dout the candle, glow-worm,
  Let all be dark.

"'The birds, have sung their last notes,
  The sun's to bed,
Glow-worm, dout your candle,'
  The glow-worm said:

"I also am a lover;
  The lamp I display
Is beacon for my true love
  Wandering astray."

Then the following examples from Walter De la Mare:

"Who knocks? 'I who was beautiful
  Beyond all dreams to restore,
I, from the roots of the dark thorn am hither,
  And knock on the door."

"Hers were those clear gray eyes
  You watch, and the story seems
Told by their beautifulness
  Tranquil as dreams.....

"'Once....Once upon a time....'
  Like a dream you dream in the night
Fairies and gnomes stole out
  In the leaf-green light."

"I sit at my supper 'mid honest faces,
  And crumble my crust and say
Naught in the long-drawn drawl of the voices
  Talking the hours away...

"And gloom stole all her burning crimson,
  Remote and faint in space,
As stars in the gathering shadow of the evening
  Seemed now her phantom face."

"'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
  Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
  Of the forest's ferny floor;
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
  Above the Traveller's head;
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
  'Is there anybody there?' he said."

And last, in this connection, his beautiful "Epitaph:"

"Here lies a most beautiful lady;
Light of step and heart was she;
I think she was the most beautiful lady
That ever was in the West Country.
But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;
However rare....rare it be;
And when I crumble, who will remember
This lady of the West Country?"

Having noted these specimens, many of which seem to have more connection with a sort of elfin flute-playing than with conventional prosody, we can take up in detail some of the variations of more regular rhythms.

First, distortion of the basic theme by acceleration. Consider this stanza from William Blake:

"Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Mock on, mock on, 'tis all in vain;

You throw the dust against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again."

I quote the following from Robert Graves:

"What's in the cupboard, Mary?
Which cupboard, mother dear?
The cupboard of red mahogany
With handles shining clear."

Second, distortion of the rhythmical theme by retardation: I quote the following example from Poe:

"Banners yellow, glories, golden
On its roof did float and flow,
(This....all this.... was in the olden
Time long ago)."

And this from Blake:

"I laid me down upon a bank,
Where love lay sleeping;
I heard among the rushes dank,
Weeping, weeping."

This, like one of the examples above, scans like a complete alteration of movement. However, it is actually simple retardation. The second stanza of that lyric does represent a complete, and violent, alteration of movement:

"Then I went to the heath and the wild,
To the thistles and thorns of the waste;
And they told me how they were beguiled,
Driven out, and compelled to be chaste."

Third, complete alteration of the movement: Consider these lines from Poe:

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

Examine the following stanza from Rosetti:

"Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen?
Today is the third since you began."
'The time was long yet the time ran,
Little Brother.'
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
Three days today between Hell and
Heaven!)"

Notice in Sidney's sonnets where into regular iambics he injects lines like

"Border'd with bulls and swans, powder'd
with golden rain."

and

"Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows"

The following example is from Thomas Campion:

"Hally, in whose sight,
Most sweet sight,
All the earth late took delight."

These lines involve, aside from the distortion of the basic movement, the injection of a complete musical phrase and of extremely heavy quantitative inflections.

Fourth, the injection of staccato or aspirate inflections: I quote the following from Robert Graves:

"Alice, dear, what ails you,
Dazed and white and shaken?
Has the chill night numbed you?
Is it fright you have taken?"

Fifth, breaks occasioned by punctuation or by the necessity or habit of English speech. Consider these two examples from Thomas Campion:

"Kind are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray."

"Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss.
Beauty guards thy looks; the rose
In them pure and eternal is."

In this connection one can examine again the stanza quoted above from Poe's "Haunted Palace."

Sixth, "Throw-Back," or predetermined violation of the normal and expected enunciation of a word or phrase. Consider the following from "Waly, Waly," (or any one of a thousand stanzas fro mthe old ballads):

"When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in the black velvet
And I myself in cramasie."

Consider these lines from Rossetti's translation of Villon:

"White Queen Blanche like a queen of lilies,
With a voice like any mermaiden,—
Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice,
And Ermengarde the lady of Maine."

Seventh, unexpected extension of a regular rhythm: Consider this stanza from De la Mare:

"Peace in thy hands,
Peace in thine eyes,
Peace in thy brow;
Flower of a moment in the eternal hour,
Peace with me now."

And this from Campion:

"The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights;
Though love and all his pleasures are but toys,
They shorten tedious nights."

Eighth, the injection of quantitative rhythm into accentuated rhythm. I called attention above to the couplet "Kind in unkindness," the second line of which is extremely quantitative. Consider the following lines, also from Campion:

"Shall I come if I swim? Wide are the waves
you see:
Shall I come if I fly, my dear Love, to thee?"

"Fortune is the guide of Love, and both of
them be blind;
All their ways are full of errors, which no
true feet can find."

"Have I seized my heavenly delight
In this unhaunted grove?
Time shall now her fury requite
With the revenge of love."

This last stanza, which is in my opinion one of the finest in all poetry, owes much of its magic to the quantitative inflexion of "unhaunted" and the naturally heavy quantitative inflexion of the second syllable of "revenge," which is extremely hard to slur.

Ninth, distortion of the rhythmical theme by omission, that is, by coming to an unexpected halt.

An example from Campion will suffice:

"If such danger be in playing,
And sport must to earnest turn,
I will go no more a-maying."

III. *Variation of a regular rhythmical theme by repetition or echo.* I quote the following examples from Elizabethan verse, the first from Campion, the last from Shakespeare:

"Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!"

"Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
Lights that do mislead the morn:
And those eyes, the break of day,
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain:—
Seal'd in vain."

I will now come to an end by quoting two complete poems from Thomas Campion in which he reveals the art of counter-sound supremely:

"Hark, all you ladies that do sleep!
The fairy-queen Proserpina,
Bids you awake and pity them that weep.
You may do in the dark
What the day doth forbid;
Fear not the dogs that bark,
Night will have all hid.

"But if you let your lovers moan,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will send abroad her fairies every one,
That shall pinch black and blue
Your white hands and fair arms
That did not kindly rue
Your paramour's harms.

"In myrtle arbours on the downs
The fairy-queen Proserpina
This night by moonshine leading merry
rounds,
Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill;
No plaints or groans may move
Their holy vigil!

"All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove;
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue,
Shall on your cheeks alight;
Love will adorn you.

"All you that love or loved before,
The fairy-queen Prosperpina
Bids you increase that loving humour more;
They that have not yet fed
On delight amorous,

She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus."

"What then is love but mourning?
What desire, but a self-burning?
Till she, that hates, doth love return,
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
'Come away! come away, my darling!'

Beauty is but a blooming;
Youth in his glory entombing;
Time hath a while, which none can stay;
Then come away, while thus I sing,
'Come away! come away, my darling!'

"Summer in winter fadeth;
Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth;
Like to the morn are Venus' flowers;
Such are her hours; Then will I sing,
'Come away! come away; my darling;"

A New Companion

By AUGUSTO MICELI

When I am dead
When the Parcae dance around my senseless body,
Friend,
Let not sorrow
Pervade your heart.
Summon to my deathless corpse
The companions.
Those that have preceded me
Will come from the beyond.
Gather together
Have a friendly symposium
And on my bier
Raise up your filled cups,
"Here's to the new one
That Pan has selected"
And from the last page of a book
Read—
"Be my body laid
On the last peak of a granite Mountain
Let my body be embedded in Mother Stone
Let the sun, the rain, the winds
Devour my flesh
Let scavengers be
My only companions
On my path to Eternity."

Florizel Adolescent

(A Scenario)

By LOUIS GILMORE

Florizel ripens early
The nest cramps him

His fellows
Resemble each other
Too closely

From the womb
He was different

With Spring
He will do as the rest
Muses Ethelyn

But Florizel
Takes no thought
For a mate

Each day
He explores fresh tree-tops
Seeking he knows not what

Today
From beyond the grove
The ruin of a King's palace beckons

Thridding the terrace of the Queens
To where a willow lets down its hair
Above a fountain
Florizel hangs

Ah what an exquisite creature

If only our tails were a little longer
We might touch each other

Florizel fills with love
And abandoning his hold
Springs toward the elusive one

Fond wretch
Thy love dissolves in water

A passing God extracts thee
By the tail.

The Workshop

By EDWARD SAPIR

With abandon, wantonly,
He breaks his cup to sherds,
Then stares. The flowing milk
Sours to curds.

With an unwonted zeal
He makes experiments;
Now glue he tries, now all
Manner of strange cements.

One slow-revolving, firm
Conviction keeps him steady,
Distorting the stare of pain
To smiles a little heady:

He thinks he will not find
Glue or cement before
He hears a step behind
Pass through the workshop door,

Will not have mending till
Two hands on straining eyes
Hallucinate a vaster workshop, still
As the translunar, stellar skies.

Danko

By GIOVANNI PAPINI

(TRANSLATED By AUGUSTO MICELI)

NEGRO literature is absolutely unknown in Italy I readily admit. Danko wrote in his own language, but he translated two of his best works into English; a novel entitled "The Foot-Step of the Rhinocerous" and a volume of lyrics in Fulah entitled "A Handful of Brilliant Hair," while in English it is modestly called "Natural Songs." This last volume, published in Philadelphia, in 1915, is certainly one of the most unique and original books that English literature can boast of.

But before anything else let us speak briefly of the poet's life. Danko whom his compatriots have oddly surnamed "The Quick Ear" is a true and an authentic negro of Nigeria and was born in 1877 at Shibu on the river Benue. Nobody can say exactly who his father was, and he never spoke of his mother. At the age of thirteen we find him already on the coast, at Akassa, where from an English Missionary he learned English and religion. From his fifteenth to his twenty-third year nobody knows anything about his life. There are reports of his having been seen in the jungles of his own country hunting wild animals; others, more malicious, say that he was a cattle thief and a seducer of girls. But the truest hypothesis is that he was living in perfect solitude, as a savage beast, learning the language of the great trees and of the waters. "Since the time that I saw the cross of the stars," he sings, "I caressed the hippopotamus together with the moon, thinking of the sea of whites and of the feast of the Red Markets."

When he was twenty-three years old he, together with some companions, crossed the eastern limit of the Sahara, stopping at Tombuttu, the mysterious capital of the desert.

Later he penetrated into Morocco. At the Tangeria he was for a short time masseur in an Arabian bathhouse; a longshoreman in the harbor; the servant of the Protugese consul; a pedlar of corals and sea-shells. Finally, in May, 1902, he succeeded in securing a position as a scullion on an American steamer, which brought him to New York.

Here begins another dark period of Danko's life. It seems that he travelled on foot, or hiding on freight trains, over the greater part of the United States, doing most humble and humiliating work. The American negroes, descendant of slaves, looked at him with suspicion; they could not believe he was really born in Africa. Once in a tavern at Omaha he stabbed one of them, that, drunk with whisky, had insulted him, calling him the lowest of tramps. For this reason he had to pass several months in prison in Kansas. During this wandering life he chance to meet Jack London, that vagabond and irregular genius, who had just come back from Alaska and the hunting of the Cari-bu, and was about to write "The Call of the Wild."

The writings of Walt Whitman and

Jack London's friendship revealed the geninus of Danko to himself. He found himself as a poet, he discovered that he could write like the Europeans. And in the period from 1907 to 1915—eight years only—he wrote enough prose and verse to fill, according to his American biographer, Hary Clarence, at least ten volumes.

All these works, except some essays on the negro soul published in Harper's Magazine, are written in the native language of Danko, which is a Sudanese dialect very like Nalu language.

It is my great regret that I can speak only of the lyrics translated by Danko into English, and of the Nigerian lyrics that to me represent the best efforts of indigenous African literature.

The poetical spirit of Danko, in what you can see from the translations, is absolutely different from the European and the Asiatic.

We only know negro art in the form of scupture. Whoever has visited the Ethnological collection of the Trocadero or the Museum of Leida, in Paris, the Kircheriano Museum in Rome, and the Museum of Anthropology in Florence, has seen the carved wooden puppets called fetichs. They have been placed there for the sole purpose of ethnological study, and yet looking at them as works of art and not as mere pieces of study you will see that they all have a distinct character, a distinct type. They are, the most of them, small images carved in a summary and rough way, but there is a magnificent stylism about them; in some points they suggest the most modern art. Negro art, as the ancient Egyptian art, is at the same time synthetic and realistic, and we who have seen the sculptures of the latest school of European art can discern that there has been a marked and definite influence from negro sculpture. Not for nothing has Pablo Picasso, the creator of Cubism, several of these fetiches in his home.

The poetry of Danko, as far as a parallelism is possible between two arts so different as poetry and sculpture, is very like the sculptures of his anonymous brothers. It does not lose itself in small description, in amusement of style, in decorations, in visual counterpoint.

For example, to describe a hot night he says: "The point of the Yellow moon was bathing itself in the zinc of the sea." That is all. Of a woman, "The sole of her foot was astonished by its lightness." Of the elephant, "The rosy colored trunk raises itself above the immobility of wrinkled columns;" for him the sun is "The golden fist of the height;" of his loved one, he says "Two eyes projected towards me, kissing me before her lips."

In Danko we do not find studied construction or the invention of Myths or allegoric allusions. He, as in characteristic of his countrymen, writes without any attempt at the picturesque. He does not want to sterilize his savage instinct for the amusement of strangers.

Danko is human as only a negro can be; natural and simple and therefore to be understood by the whole world. When we read his poetry we are surprised. His poetical world does not resemble those noble and idealistic worlds so often sung of in our lyrics. His subjects are not faith, not his country, not even conventional or spiritual love that we Europeans use over and over again. It is not either the differ-

ent phases of the city, or of nature with its colors and shadows and habitual dissonances. Danko is the poet of sensuality, but by sensuality I do not allude to love only. Everything within reach of the eyes and ears and touch is worthy of his notice. When one of our poets is sensual he is limited to a narrow and refined choice of subjects. For Danko, instead, anything that gives pleasure, even the humblest and most despised, is matter for poetry. For him everything is fresh and marvelous, odorous and savoury; even the tobacco that fills his pipe, his hat, the fruits that he finds in the store, the glass in the tavern, the boxes of matches, the planks in the street cars, the colors of the theater placards, the spots of tar on wharves, the pillows of the bed in the hotel, the shining shoes of the girls, the hair on the arms of the porters. He is the real poet of common and lowly things, the expositor of material and daily sensations.

In general his poems are short lyrics on concrete and humble themes that a European poet would not dream of singing. For him child and savage, everything seems new and extraordinary. He is discovering the universe and the surprise inspires him with candid happiness. Read, for instance, just to have a very slight idea, his lyric of the shoe polish; "It is enclosed in a short bottle which bears big latin characters calling forth the admiration of the clean man. Black as night and thick coffee, soft and magnificent mud waiting for its moment. The brilliant cover of metal is a seal of wealth; the contents are designed for the man who commands and for the woman who commands the loving man. Afterward it will be spread on leather and will shine under the morning sun, as the hair of my Kimba, left alone over there, over the seas. The dust will cover it as centuries and cemeteries. Meanwhile, it shines in the store; the girl who gently coats it, I see her on the door of her kitchen. All the beauty of the world is not for her; but when wonderful and shining shoe is put on, the poor dirty bottle will finish up in the fields, outside the gate of the city. A child will be happy to wash it, will put small stones it in that will shine in the evening like the eyes of the poor boy."

The fastidious people of our country will not feel that this is poetry. But poetry is not translatable, and when it has been translated twice, we are fortunate if it has not lost all traces of its original spirit. As for Danko's subjects I do not want to defend them but so much bad or mediocre literature and versification in a noble and sublime vein is being written, that this negro, who has the fine understanding that all things, even the dirtiest and vilest, can be illuminated and aggrandized by art is a true inspiration to me.

Testament
(Containing Songs of One Who Would be a Priest)

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Song Number Two

You lie in the arms of your beloved but you are not in the arms of your beloved. It rains. The rain pours out of a broken water-spout into an alleyway. There is a threshing of feet in wet streets. The feet hurry along. They carry the bodies of people bouncing along.

It is my constant desire to draw close to you. My lover held me close and close but I have escaped. We understand each other. You also have drawn close to a warm body and felt white arms clutched about your neck.

Your tramp soul will fly out with me into the night, into the wind and the rain and the cities. The minor things do not matter to us. I am testifying to you. Presently you shall testify to me.

Your voice that is a testament shall be like driven rain drops in a city street.

Your voice shall be like the rustle of leaves torn by a storm from a tree.

You shall uproot yourself.

You shall come out of the ground with soil clinging to you.

* * *

We shall walk in many rains.
We shall whisper in many high winds.
We shall be blown like grasshoppers over the sea in a hurricane.

* * *

If you assert your brotherhood to me we shall be lost to each other. It is when you are torn from your mooring and drift like a rudderless ship I am able to come near to you.

My fancy belongs to a high tossing place.
My lover's arms wither away.
My lover has gone in distress to walk in the rain.
I have been blown out of myself to walk in the wind and the rain.

* * *

You have come to me out of the arms of your lovers.
You have come to me out of your warm close place.
You have lost yourself in a nothingness.
You are a leaf tossed in a wind.
You are a blade of grass torn out of the ground.

Poems

By RICHARD KIRK

On The Way Home

My donkey trotting to his stall
Is not, I think, disturbed at all
By questionings concerning grass;
And I, the while the wheels go round,
Distressed, I feel, by doubts profound,
Will not be tutored by an ass.

Pedant

An antic of the dancing woman
He would remember while he'd live;
For he was shocked by much quite human,
Though most by the split infinitive.

The Esthetic Emotion

By JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

WHAT is the "esthetic emotion?" Why do some of the creations of man stir us in a peculiar manner dificult to define? What is the fundamental element that sets off from all other of man's efforts that proud product he calls a work of art? The most satisfactory suggestion hitherto offered is embodied in Clive Bell's theory of significant form. Perhaps wise in attempting no precise definition of the term, Bell approaches an explanation by indicating that form is significant when it creates a harmony of the object and our faculties, in that these (understanding and imagination) harmonize with one another in the apprehension of the object. Whether this limitation be acceptable to all or not, the loose phrase "significant form," while not too inclusive to be meaningful, probably will be as valuable as any that has been offered.

Yet this theory of Clive Bell leaves certain questions unanswered. It is fundamental to his idea that natural objects do not move us as do works of art. "Surely it is not what I call an esthetic emotion," he asserts, "that most of us feel, generally, for natural beauty. Most[2] people feel a very different kind of emotion for birds and flowers and the wings of butterflies from that which they feel for pictures, pots, temples and statues. Why these beautiful things do not move us as works of art is another, and not an esthetic question." We may overlook Bell's confusion in the term emotion; he means, of course, that the impulses to feeling are different. Yet he grows involved in other difficulties; he dismisses the question he has raised, by removing natural objects from the field of significant form; and thus slips from under a problem which must be faced, and which is at the core of the "esthetic emotion."

Literature, since it engages more minds than any of the other arts, affords perhaps the best field from which to draw our examples for analysis. It may be safely ventured, I suppose, that "The Frogs," "Le Misanthrope," "The Importance of Being Ernest," are works of art. Do they stir my emotions, I question? Undoubtedly. But they do not rouse me as does Macbeth — or as an inartistic melodrama temporarily may: they do not move me with deep sympathy, with hatred, with anxiety; they do not stir my passions. Because of this freedom from irrelevant emotions, they may be the more informative as to the nature of the esthetic appeal. I guess how they will end; indeed, I am not especially concerned with their characters' destinies. The emotional stimulus they provide is indirect, secondary; it proceeds from a prior intellectual recognition. The turn of a phrase sets an idea spinning in my mind; I am made aware, by any of a thousand grace-notes of style, that a mind that I must respect is evolving before me; I awaken; I trace, eagerly, the

(1) The term "esthetic emotion", which Bell and other estheticians employ, is of course a false condensation. There are not esthetic emotions and unesthetic emotions; there are merely emotions stirred by various stimuli.

(2) Mr. Bell points out that the artist, in his moments of "inspiration," draws from nature the emotion usually evoked only by works of art.

growth of the idea; I am mentally stimulated; a contest occurs in which I pit my powers of appreciation against the artist's creative skill. In Act II of "Le Misanthrope," the friends of Celimene feed her with names out of which she creates a succession of sardonic portraits; there is no emotional action; a woman laughingly pictured to the life a half dozen typical courtiers not in the play, but all known in life to the audience, e. g.,

Sans cesse il a, tout bas, pour rompre l'entretien,
Un secret à vous dire, et ce secret n'est rien;
De la moindre vétille il fait une merveille,
Et jusques au bonjour, il dit tout à l'oreille.[4]

The entire appeal is intellectual, yet the "chair scene" is one of Moliere's most famous. Out of this recognition, then, of a keen or a swashbuckling or a subtle or a sensitive mind, grows a delight in following the movement of its thought, in recognizing the touches that make the trite or the trivial sublime, in gaining for myself the achievement of the artist. To me, this pleasure resulting from my intellectual recognition of work well done, seems embodied in the the esthetic emotion." Am I falling into the error of the artist's judgment of art: admiring what I have vainly attempted, or cannot do, or did not think of trying? Or is not precisely that admiration deep-set in all appreciation?

The beauties of nature, and the picturesque, appeal quite otherwise. When I take a rose in my hand, and ultimately close my eyes to breathe its perfume, it is as though I am driving all thoughts far away. Life is summed up in that flower, or in that sunset, or in that beggar so perfect in her rags one forgets that her trembling hand is reaching for alms (though such moments come seldom); life is summed up as a withdrawal from the consciousness of what life means, of the proper place of these objects in civilization. Reflection has not come to complicate sensation. Life has remained pure feeling. The languor of a summer day, spent on the grass of a hillside, with grazing cows and a winding stream beyond, is a clear instance of this relaxation, of the escape from thought into feeling that is the gift of the beauty of nature.

Art, on the other hand, stimulates the activity of the mind. Some may become bemused under the influence of music (which, of the arts, is perhaps least obvious in its intellectual challenge, nearest nature), but the music-lover never will; one does not feel the longing for siesta on beholding the painting of a tropic noon; in literature, where most are on comparatively familiar ground, there is surely no thoughtless strolling. There comes, in the esthetic moment, that sense of freedom from all the world which is not a relaxation, as at a sunset, but rather the result of a complete absorption of one's powers. Mr. Bell gives as the sole esthetic quality, "significant form." But nature surely acts on us in just that way; the camel, the dahlia, the dawn, are as truly and as significantly formed as the Odyssey, the Mona Lisa, the Nibelungen Ring—the move-

(3) It is difficult to separate an object of art from the association of the thing presented: "the beauty of an arabesque is pure; that of a man, a horse, or a portrait, is conditioned by our conception of its ideals, function, or origianl."—Kant.

(4) Paraphrased loosely:

Unending he comes, interrupting your thought,
With a secret to tell, and that secret is naught;
Every trifle he makes the event of the year,
And even "Good morning!" he breathes in your ear.

ments of a fawn as those of an artistic dancer. As a test among the creations of men, "significant form" may serve to sort the works of art from other productions; it distinguishes, let us say, Huckleberry Finn from the Katzenjammer kids, Hamlet from Ambush; it cannot tell why these works of art affect us otherwise than do natural objects. Lear differs from the fuddled, forbearing father around the corner from me in that my neighbor commands pity as a product of life and its forces; whereas Lear, in addition, wins my wonder that a mind like my own has fashioned him, and enables my egoistic desire to respect the human race to find fulfillment.[5] Save when the amorous stops are touched, or in the play of conflicting emotions one takes sides—in other words, when the experience is purely esthetic—the emotion is always intermingled with and growing from an intellectual quickening, a recogntion of something produced by a mind that challenges, that calls to mine to behold how it has labored, has formed its theme, has transformed its initial impulse into art. This pleasure I experience rises not merely (perhaps not at all) from any stir of my emotions, any sympathy or scorn or love or self-content, but from my ability to recognize in the symphony, the painting, the poem, a man-made combination of tones, lines, colors, phrases, ideas, into significant form. E. F. Garritt, in his excellent survey of the theories of beauty, lightly dismisses the idea that beauty means dexterity: "It would need a bold consistency to maintain that our appreciation of nature is a conscious approval of the brush-work of the Ceator." And it is true that nature and art share one beauty; art yields the added appreciative delight in man's dexterity, in man's rising toward the greater, consummate Creator. And this pleasure, this superadded delight in the perception of the artistic because it has been fashioned of human power, and because I can recognize and rise to receive that power; this seems to me the core of the "esthetic emotion."

It will perhaps be objected that most men do not view a work of art in this fashion; to them the emotional or moral appeal is paramount. In the first place, there is no suggestion that this intellectual delight is consciously traced to its source; in the second, the objection merely explains why jazz and best-sellers are more popular than music and literature. With the increasing discrimination of the judge, comes a larger selection of those works that exhibit man's ability to give his desires, impulses, ideas, expression in significant form. Surely it is no longer necessary to combat the theory that art subserves a moral purpose. Scott has emphatically said: "The professed moral of a piece is like the mendicant who cripples after some splendid and gay procession, and in vain solicits the attention of those who have been gazing on it." But the more subtle argument is often advanced that art results in a general moral uplift, a cleansing, the Aristotelian "purgation." Plato adds: "Beauty disposes one toward right conduct," and Kant: "The beautiful prepares us to love something... disinterestedly." The best reply I know

(5) Possibly also I feel superior to and condescending towards, or inferior to and envious of, my neighbor; whereas I do not envy the successful (nor despise the victim) in a story, because I am that person, and share his lot—while at the tame time remaining comfortably aware of the self-deception.

to this opinion is its transposition by Shelley: "A man to be greatly good must imagine intensely and comprehensively, he must put himself in the place of another and of many others.. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination, and poetry administers to the effect by acting on the cause." Havelock Ellis insists that, instead of art being within the domain of morals, morals is in the field of art, and obeys its rhythms. The moral appeal of art is not through any direct persuasion of our will, but by way of a previously developed understanding. The reforms wrought by the novels of Dickens, the stir of an Uncle Tom's Cabin, do not increase the value of such works as art.

Similarly it may be maintained that to stir the emotions pleasurably is the purpose of art. It does not, therefore, follow that the rousing of emotion is the test of art. A pistol shot, a prize fight, a potboiler, a dreamy waltz; all may call forth strong feelings, and yet none be art. Beauty is not to be identified either with desire or with duty.

Croce tells us that the artist "makes all things new." Long before him the Greeks called the artist "maker." Bacon—whose words Cezanne has recently repeated—was more specific; to him art is the result of homo additus naturae: a man added to nature. *Man added to nature.* It is obvious that the greatest work of art is that which makes the strongest appeal to all sides of man's nature; emotional, moral (the will), and intellectual. It is also obvious that any exercise of the moral or the intellectual side bears in its train a *secondary* awakening of emotion (if only the agreeable feeling that rises from smooth functioning). My thesis is that art, however heightened by moral or *direct* emotional appeal, exists without them. Beauty ("Significant form") exists both in nature and in the works of man. It is the recognition of humanly created form so perfect as to call into play all one's powers, that brings the complete absorption, the life-blotting thrill, of the esthetic moment.

The Shovel Runner

By T. M. MORROW

Without this red-faced man with his greasy overalls and yellow gauntlets, this would be nothing but a steam shovel, a mere machine, an assemblage of parts.

But, when he handles the levers, it becomes a living thing, a long-necked, steel-toothed, steam-snorting, dirt-digging monster. It dips and digs, swings and lifts, dumps its load, swings back again to dip and dig.

And all its roaring is but the sound of the life sent pulsating through it by touch of his hands, the rhythm of parts working together under his control.

He is master of his machine. He uses it dextrously. He handles it as men play skilfully upon instruments of music.

Eyes

By DANIEL WOGAN

In your eyes I see
quiet thoughts,
like square corners
of old rooms.

Or a broken vase
Where coloured flowers
laughed.

Or an old chest
dust and shadow hidden
holding a secret.

Or a yellow canvas
time mocked,
unreadable,
but read.

Or wooden steps
use worn
to shapes
of use.

Or a fading rug
silent
and wise
in the dull colours
that speak
no more.

Two Poems

By JOHN McCLURE

Ballad In His Own Defense

He that was born of Adam out of chaos,
  His ears no shorter than his fathers' were,
Lifts up his voice in his bewilderment,
  Braying his ballads of despair.

I am diseased with longing for the beautiful.
  This cankerworm was in me at my birth,
I too am hunting for the pot of roses
  Long buried in the earth.

"The moon's my constant mistress,
  The lovely owl my marrow",
And I was born with an owlish eye
  And the heart-strings of a sparrow.

Old Tune

Water, water, wine-flower!
  Life could be so fair
But for ghostly passion,
  But for goblin care!

Water, water, wine-flower!
  Love was all so sad
For a grave young lady
  And a foolish lad!

Water, water, wine-flower
  Withered under snow!
We have gone a long journey:
  That was long ago.

The Juggler

By THOMAS BRIAN BARRY

THE bench is just the same; four years ago it stood in this same place and they have not even fixed the broken arm at one end of it. Four years. I haven't fixed anything either in four years; I have tried though. Instead I should have remained sitting here on the bench. Time won't pass soon enough sitting on a bench, and it won't pass at all anywhere else; it takes you around with it and drags you into places and things, and it won't go away; she told me once it wouldn't. Everything I've read is disgustingly full of it, so that what she said is right, and I don't like that. She and books are very much alike: they're always formulating and propounding varied dactyls. I don't quite know which was the book.

Down there . . . I don't remember reading any books, but she was there just the same; not really so that one might touch her, but much more apparent since it is her habit to follow me. Someone—DuMaurier wasn't it? wrote about this. I never spoke to her in words because she was not there is just that sense. You get so tired using words when you want to tell things; and analysis is always shaping itself in them, and you get afraid of the obvious. Then he said he believed in genius but not in insensibility. I laughed at him so long that he quoted something. No, I haven't found anything in four years . . . five minutes. A new point of view every half hour and all repetition and nothing new and everything just about born. The clock must be the juggler of things. Men make clocks.

He was unable to find words for many things and he was not afraid of insanity. Bitterness was a cherished thing with him, but he always missed realizing it. He conformed with everything and won a freedom by doing so that suffocated him. He was always bothered with the exact meaning of desire and compensation; he never realized this either, and he was unable to since it was unknown to him. Because of this he loved syllogisms; made them constantly, and irritated himself desperately with the simplicity of this form of reasoning. No mysteries to keep alive an interest that would at least be partially penetrating. An achievement often robbed the clock of an hour or two, but the hours were always put back: fresh and clean for more usage.

You could take some from the clock now and again and say to yourself: Evil is the only thing that is everlasting. And then you would say friendship is also a rest, and that mental equilibrium is one of the pet ironies of existence; then you put back the hours and say that the realization of anything is merely the confirmation of its uselessness. So it was all the same after four years; clock, bench and the loose arm on one end of it, and if the arm

was fixed, and some difference in existence materialized, then at the end of four years it would still be the same since they were all preordained . . . it was all the same. And we change things with words only to make them more alike. Good work for the juggler.

Go away and see differences. Pick up a book and find them not different at all. They told him to do this, and they should have buried him before he started. He came back after four years with a point of view every half hour; all old points of view and all old half hours. Trick mind they said then. Business-men used Emerson; thinking business who made the clock tick in their souls, and who stated that Emerson said—and then quoted. They went away four years, too, and came back and said the Harvard Commemorarian said so-and-so on the subject of labor. An interpretation of convenience would you call it? Maybe we all go away four years and come back and quote; if we don't, we come back and are silent because we don't value quoting. Nice syllogisms for the juggler. Dwelling on a thought is like smiling congenially. An air of assumption is not subtle enough for hypocricy; it requires a lot of precocious deriviations. Emerson. . . .

Can you find a new school of anything in four years? New points of view every half hour and no triumphs in twelve million centuries. Fine balance for stealing hours from the clock; a recompense that is hardly humourous, and buildings all around with only twenty centuries holding them up. Why doesn't the clock laugh, too? Reason would soon prove itself ridiculous if it could be proved so. But the clock will not permit that; it ticks out reason with a metallic tongue and is detrimental to an epidermis of any sort, and still, it rubs most flesh raw and apologizes by continued ticking. A collection of fallacies are capable of bringing about a progeny of truths, which in themselves revert to origin, and all during the ticks before and after Emmerson.

. . . And distant pastures are always more green, and after four years they are still the same spectral: she did not say that, but he knew it; it came from much self-analysis and a quantity of syllogisms. The beech where he had been was nice to lay stretched out on—alone. The nights were nice, too—alone. The days were slowly building up a longing that he refused to admit, and the building and the refusal were both sweet. Hours robbed from the clock to be put back in four years. . . . The clock should have laughed. For that period fear was buried and the taste of abandonment was refreshing. To continue the taste would simply mean establishing another quantity of sournesss. This would be so much like reason that the clock might loose an hour or two, and this could not happen.

To judge its cause and effect would be to think in the written style of some author or book. To do this would simply be plagarizing. To do something and think something the same as anybody else is international plagiarism; and this brand is alright. The clock permits its usage. It is the individual coercion of thought that parades a

mind around a bit and gives it a habit of meddling that is forbidden it. The clock has thousands of tomorrows and it won't waste any, and so you must spend today brushing off all precedents and use the dust to establish a standard.

So, he came back after four years. He had not been away.

The Lost Heritage

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

Beauty gone, and beauty gone,
And gallant wisdom lost—
Crowns the race so hardly won,
Twines of phantom frost!

Sappho and Empedocles,
Time's kleptomaniac clan
Coffers their gold where golden sleep
Knossos and Yucatan.

Dreams that found their way in stone,
Cool mesmerists of peace,
Or flushed to plumage in a song,
Or crimsoned Parian Greece,

Loveliness dissuaded from
The locked and stubborn air—
What rifling of the golden urn,
Our ransom from despair!

Learn again, and lose again,
Create, and then destroy—
For knowledge is the race's game
And loveliness its toy.

Conversation At Tea

By MARIAN NEVIN FUNK

Tell me that Madam Cerise
Has a taffeta gown
The stiff blue of squills,
And little mouseskin slippers.

That day is a pinwheel spinning
In a corner of windy sky
Its twelve points flicking
The waiting waters of earth.

Say that my hands curving
A cup's chromatic rim
Are swans
With arched necks.

In my mind persists
A dark irrelevant image
Breaking the contours
Of thought.

To Cypresses

By FREDERICKA V. BLANKNER

Words weigh on me, O trees of fragrant death,
  You who gave birth to me, take me anew;
  Let me be fibre, branch and lifted trunk of you,
And let your moan in winter be my breath.

Reviews

A STORY TELLER'S STORY

(A Story Teller's Story, by Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, 1924)

HERE is a book which will delight Mr. Anderson's admirers and disarm his critics. The author explains himself and his position in America and in American letters. The title is accurate. This book is not an autobiography of Sherwood Anderson, but the story of the development of the author from his beginnings and mental antecedents to his present place as an American novelist and teller of tales. He does not follow the carefully documented chronological method which we have come to expect in autobiographical writings; but the more natural one of associations. Thus nothing is carefully remembered for its own sake, rather one reminiscence leads to another, the time order skips back and forth, and fact and phantasy play hide and seek as they do in our every day mental life. Mr. Anderson writes of the worked over images of the past and often makes no pretense of following the raw facts. After all the truth of a situation can only be what we remember of it, and this is colored by our emotional attitude. The memory of a fire in our childhood may rival the conflagration of Rome in our minds or it may be a tiny half remembered spark, a bare incident. Let us say that Mr. Anderson follows the lead of Benvenuto Cellini rather than that of Pepys and lets cold fact wait on imagination.

Perhaps the finest part of "A Story Tellers' Story" is the first part dealing with his childhood in Ohio, and the picture he paints of his father (for Sherwood Anderson does not draw a character, he paints him into a scene)—his father, the man who could touch reality at no point; to the outside world a good for nothing, to himself a hero, always the actor strutting on his stage, the romantic who fascinates by his promise of endless adventures and accomplishes nothing. Contrasted to him the mute valiant mother, with the eyes that were "like pools lying in deep shadow at the edge of a wood." These the author's first beginnings.

Later in the book we read of other materials which have gone towards the construction of what Walter Pater calls the "brain building." "Golden books" which were really open sesames; individuals who served their turn and having served their turn are gratefully remembered.

This book evaporates all the many stock myths concerning Sherwood Anderson. Never has a writer been more persistently misunderstood both by his followers and his contemners. It has been said that he lacked a sense of humor because I suppose he did not have the shocking bad taste to introduce jocosity into his tales. A Story

Teller's Story shows him possessed of a rich humor, a humor divorced from wit. Mr. Anderson has been called a gloomy writer concerned with morbidity, the father of the "sink school" because he did not employ pretty paper dolls as his heroes and heroines. Yet no man since George Moore has been more heartily in love with the color and movement of life for its own sake, witness his love of thoroughbred horses, his hatred of machinery. Most persistently of all has Mr. Anderson been accused of sex obsession, of a nasty preoccupation with the flesh. Sex is for him the symbol of all of life. He sees in it the urge which creates not only more works of art but all that is fine and beautiful in the crafts. There is to him a mystical connection between virility and the craftsman. That is why he detests the standardization which results from this industrial age. Rob a man of his craft and his tools and you rob him of his masculinity. To create is to live; to keep creating is to grow and to cease creating is to die. American life passes before this judge of the quick and the dead and he holds his nostrils at the stench arising from the putrescense of it. Nevertheless, he believes in the vitality of America and of standardization he says in effect "It is but a phase, it will pass. Already people are becoming tired of it. If, in no other way, the women will ultimately deal it the death blow." This is the writer who has been called a pessimist, the founder of the sink school of literature! The charge that Sherwood Anderson is a fleshy writer is the silliest of all. You will search his novels and stories in vain for a lewd passage. Indeed, he is almost the Puritan in his avoidance of licentiousness. As the champion of sex, the elan vital, he has invoked sex symbolism constantly in his work, sacredly, almost sanctimoniously. This is what infuriates the prurient minded. They can revel in the sentimental, sticky sensuality of Robert Chambers or Gertrude Atherton. But the antinomian, be he ever so ascetic and pure minded, is the champion of the Devil, the enemy of society, and must be damned. This solemnity over sex and the use of naive sex symbols is bound to appear faintly ludicrous to the sophisticated. To us who have gone beyond the revolt from Victoria and her times, the bald symbolism of "Many Marriages" appears in this light. We may think it too naive, yet I can easily imagine it a book of light for many inhibited natures. If you are shocked by it, there is something wrong with you. Your house needs cleaning. And, perhaps, if, as I confess to being, you are rather too much amused, there is again something wrong with you. You have got too far away from the clear sources of life. Sherwood Anderson is the healthiest writer I know. He is too robust for that delicate sensualist, the esthete. He is, indeed, the touchstone of sanity.

But underneath any theories that Mr. Anderson may at one moment or another harbor he is at the bottom the tale teller, a tale teller unconscious very often of the import of his tales. He is the literary artist whose perception of life is immediate and emotional. Here, again, he resembles George Moore, and one is reminded of Moore's dictum: "In art all but emotional understanding is worthless." It is in this that Sherwood Anderson differs from

the merely intellectual modern American and English authors. A Story Teller's Story is full of the intoxication of words and the fascination of tales that compel an excitement in the reader. I note especially his story of the judge who sends the young athlete a bouquet of roses. Back as far as 'Winesburg' he was master of this narrative manner. A man or a woman has "an adventure" or "something happens." Always there is a sense of terrific excitement conveyed. In "A Story Teller's Story," he has embroidered on this method. "A Story Teller's Story" is written with passion, the passion of a lover of life. By turns, the writer is tender, boastful, humble. His tories remind one of Apulieus or of the old English border tales. But Sherwood Anderson is a modern who has absorbed the Freudian psychology; and so he seeks his adventures from within the ego. It is to be hoped that Sherwood Anderson will always keep his intellectual concepts fresh; he must be at all times willing to smash them to bits and throw them overboard, otherwise he will sink into formula. The ideas which cling obstruct rather than bolster the author. For this purpose a sense of humor helps. It is probably the only way that humor can serve the creative artist. But Sherwood Anderson's philosophical ideas are only the mold of the author's mind. Inside the mold the old exciting melodrama of life unfolds. For life is ever melodrama to the true tale teller, which is to say—the true poet.

JULIUS WEIS FRIEND.

THE LITTLE GIRL

(The Little Girl, by Katherine Mansfield. A. A. Knopf, Dec. 1924.)

ONE of the discouraging incidents of greatness is the post mortem reprinting of early and happily forgotten opera by an adoring public. In an attempt to glean the last sparkle of worth from a writer whose contributions have been intercepted by death, every jotting, every communion of pen and paper and reflection are recovered and flung to the waiting world as fast as presses can revolve. This exploitation of insignificance must make the great and near-great pause and meditate, for even Villon wrote tombstone epitaphs and wedding paens and Wagner wrote a quartette for cornets. There are some like Conrad and Hardy who leap full-girt from the womb but the path of glory for most artists is strewn with the shreds of the creations by which they made their ascent; and few, if any, would enjoy the assembling of the pieces.

Katherine Mansfield is doubtlessly of the more popular class. Her journey upward was not one to be envied as a sinecure for her ultimate style was established after an immense sacrifice of endeavor and white paper. She wrote furiously, edited and re-edited her writings with a most caustic pencil and despatched when at last to a publisher with little or no enthusiasm. Towards these works, the rungs of the ladder, she held no illusions. They were the faltering steps, not the promenade, and would be overlooked when the desired stride was attained.

But Katherine Mansfield reckoned without her tumultous and well-meaning admirers. No sooner were the funeral rites performed than the sorting-over began. First came *The Doves' Nest,* her late and unfinished stories. The publishing of this work was meet and proper and in full accord with the literary position of Katherine Mansfield. Now, hard upon the issuance of that excellent book comes *The Little Girl* and the contrast between the two volumes is sharp, indeed.

Katherine Mansfield certainly would have bemoaned the publication of this latter work; in fact the editor, presumably John Middleton Murray, admits her reluctance to republish any of her early works and comments briefly: "I have no doubt that Katherine Mansfield, were she still alive, would not have suffered some of these stories (in *The Little Girl*) to appear."

But there is no gainsaying that the stories deserve publication. Besides, their worth as a Mansfield item or a textbook for the students of the short story, they can stand alone on their own merits. Were they written by any other, the critical world would be acclaiming the author as a child of unlimited promise. It is only in comparison with *Bliss, The Garden Party* and the tantalizing *The Doves' Nest,* that the tarnish appears.

Subtlety, the outstanding virtue that made Katherine Mansfield a prominent figure in a world of obvious realities, is often conspicuously absent in *The Little Girl.* This lack leaves a bleak taste in one's mouth when a story is finished and the next story is begun half-heartedly. There is adolescence in the matter, a feeble striving to be sure the reader will understand every winding of the tale, and be pleased with the ending. It is the compromise of timidity.

Some of the stories, one in particular, *The Black Cap,* might have been published in a vapid number of Vanity Fair, or its English equivalent. It is a brisk anecdote of a bored wife beginning an assignation with a lover and deterred by an ugly black cap that scrapes her delicacy. It is a cheap plot, appearing time and time again in the writings of racy Continental humorists and bolstered up with some suavity. It is too superficial for Katherine Mansfield, and bears none of her characteristics; it was doubtlessly suggested by a similar piece of current writing.

Childish But Natural, Poison and A Truthful Adventure are very much in the Mansfield manner. The first contains the poignancy and feeling of her best stories, and can rank with any of her later work. *Poison,* which was kept out of the *Garden Party,* is excellently done and shows the polish of her more mature years. *Sixpence* was excluded from the same volume because the authoress considered it too sentimental; a wise criticism.

The majority of stories in this book are too short to be any more than vignettes. *Carnation,* a superbly little bit of an hour in a girls' school, covers three pages. Katherine Mansfield attains her later brilliance in the paragraphs of this story; the description of a scene in a phrase, the establishment of a definite atmosphere in a sentence, is all done in these few pages and done with the ease of her last works. She is describing the courtyard below the class room:

"Now she could hear a man clatter over the cobbles and the jing-jang of the pails he carried. And now, *Hoo-horer! Hoo-horer!* as he worked the pump and a great gush of water followed. Now he was flinging the water over something, over the wheel of the carriage, perhaps. And she saw the wheel, propped up, clear of the ground, spinning round, flashing scarlet and black, with great drops glancing off it. And all the while he worked the man kept up a high bold whistling, that skimmed over the noise of the water as a bird skims over the sea."

In *An Indiscreet Journey,* a war story that studiously avoids any mention of the war, Katherine Mansfield again equals her later writing in conciseness of description and economy of words. She is in an French tavern.

"Suddenly I saw someone with a pail of fish—brown speckled fish like the fish one sees in a glass case, swimming through forests of beautiful pressed sea weed. He was an old man in a tattered jacket, standing humbly, waiting for someone to attend to him. A thin beard fell over his chest, his eyes under the tufted eyebrows were bent on the pail he carried. He looked as though he had escaped from some holy picture and was entreating the soldiers' pardon for being there at all."

Perhaps the flabbiness of this last book lies in the violence of the themes treated by the author. Katherine Mansfield's strength is in her description of the commonplace, the ostensibly minor phases of life. There are no great moments in her best stories, no turning points nor momentous decisions. When she does write of such times, she must imitate other writers or strike a wavering note. Off hand examples of this are *Millie in The Little Girl,* a description of a man hunt, as compared with the magnificent *The Fly,* in *The Doves' Nest.*

There is a distinct niche in literary annals for this last book. There is considerable disappointment in it for the readers who began reading Katherine Mansfield about the time that *Bliss* was published, but they will be well compensated in the perusal of two or three of the stories. And its publication practically completes the slim production of this brilliant writer.

JOHN MONTGOMERY

THE NATURE OF LOVE

(The Nature of Love, by Emmanuel Berl, Translated by Fred Rothwell. The MacMillan Co., New York, 1924.)

THE word—love—as used by Mr. Berl includes "religious feeling, friendship, patriotism—in so far as a nation is a person—as well as the relation beween a man and a woman." It indicates "all those feelings presented to consciousness which are connected with external and personal objects."

The first half of his book is an enquiry into "the reality of love," its origin, the various historical explanations of it—magical, rationalistic, idealistic, biological and sociological. The second half is an enquiry into "the nature of love"—"Is love a God, a daimon, or a passion of the soul?"

It is nothing against Mr. Berl's book that after reading it the nature of love remains as inexplicable as before. Like poetry, loves escapes definition. As Mr. Berl himself says! It contains an element of irrationality which the hu-

man mind is unable to grasp. . . All analysis of a feeling is necessarily imperfect. We understand a love only if we pass over several of its aspects and cling to one. We can neither think nor speak of love without distorting it. *Though what we say of it be true, love is nevertheless something different from what we say of it.* The best thing to do is to proceed by negations, as we exhort mystics to do, to confine ourselves to saying: "love is not this, love is not that. . ." without ever asserting anything positive about it."

But although it is best not to attempt to define love, there is nevertheless much that may be profitably said of it. Finding none of the historical explanations of love entirely satisfactory, Mr. Berl espouses none. Instead, with exquisite tact, he proceeds through them, describing, analysing, pointing out their respective merits and defects. And if at the end of the excursion the nature of love remains still esoteric, that was only to be expected. Of the workings, the manifestations of love we have learned much. And what a delightful excursion! In spite of his occasionally somewhat too technical vocabulary, what an eloquent guide!

Of "the feelings and loyalty" Mr. Berl observes: "Love often appears immoral from the point of view of society. All the same, it implies a morality and laws, and while it destroys some it sets up fresh ones. All love, even when unreciprocated, is a certain *pact*, which remains valid, though the other party may refuse to ratify it. The subject forms but one, in imagination at all events, with the object he loves. He willingly unites himself to this object. This he cannot do without thereby recognizing certain duties towards the person beloved, and without attributing thereto a certain responsibility towards self. In spite, then, of appearing crafty, treacherous and anarchical, *love presupposes loyalty, it is a loyalism*—otherwise it would repudiate the very relationship it seeks to establish. There are actions which, because of the woman he loves, a lover must not commit, actions that are incompatible with true love. The lover knows that there is something grievous for a woman in being loved by a coward—even though she spurns him—and something glorious in being loved by a hero. And, reciprocally, a well-born lady will wish to spare from certain degradation one who loves her sincerely, even though she does not love him. However it be, the love one offers a person pledges the recipient to something. The king finds himself under a certain obligation towards Carmosine, as is well understood by the queen. The death of Carmosine would be a kind of disgrace for the king; morality would have no fault to find but honour would be mysteriously offended. All love postulates the dignity of its object: this dignity is *its* dignity. A God blasphemed, one's country conquered, a mistress slandered, to some extent detract from the believer, the citizen and the lover; these do their best, even at the cost of heavy sacrifices, to prevent such assaults. *All love therefore postulates a certain worthiness on the part of its subject* in so far as the unworthiness of the subject would detract from or make impossible that of the object."

Mr. Berl's observations are in keeping with the dignity of the subject.

LOUIS GILMORE

"ENZIO'S KINGDOM AND OTHER POEMS"

(Enzio's Kingdom and Other Poems. By William Alexander Percy. Yale Universty Press.)

MR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY has written a number of most charming lyrics and some very good blank verse. On the strength of his best work, he is the outstanding poet of the South. His new volume, "Enzio's Kingdom," contains a number of things which perhaps could have been wisely omitted, but some which are a valuable addition to his work.

One feels that Mr. Percy does not consider his craft so seriously as he might, and a slackening of artistry is evident in many of these verses. His ideas are as arresting as ever, but the rendering is too often defective. Sometimes he sins against rhetoric, in too careless diction, sometimes against verse in too indefinite rhythms. But there are many passages and several poems in "Enzio's Kingdom" which are worthy of the author. There is excellent verse in the title poem, "Beth Marie," which appeared in The Double Dealer two years ago, is a charming lyric; and repeatedly in the book one encounters phrases and lines and stanzas which mark Mr. Percy for the very good poet he is. If he has printed too much in this volume, he is liable to an indictment which applies equally to all his contemporaries.

The following passages are quoted from "Epilogue" and "Enzio's Kingdom":

Oh, I have heard a golden trumpet blowing
Under the night. Another warmth than blood
Has coursed, though briefly, through my intricate veins.
Some sky is in my breast where swings a hawk
Intemperate for immortalities
And unpersuaded by the show of death.

Dead, then, the most imperial of emperors
And by some accident of flesh my father!
I am content, Berard; nay, I am glad.
Life's infamy was overgalling to him.
He suffered like a god that had no part
In its creation, but was resolved....how madly....
To make it over, if not beautiful,
Tolerable at least, and roomed for men.
And then, Berard, his godlike loneliness
With only you and me to lean upon!
I but a gold-haired bastard lad and you
An old man sworn to serve the Church he loathed,
Forsworn for love of him; and both of us
Brimmed and surbrimmed by his enormous dreams
And alchemized in his fond fiery love....
But of ourselves unmeriting and common.
How could all nature not rise up and be
His partisan? How could he fail, Berard,
Unless the very dastard race of men
He suffered for deserve its doom of failure?

Here is one of the lyrics:

THE UNLOVED TO HIS BELOVED

Could I pluck down Aldebaran
And haze the Pleiads in your hair
I could not add more burning to your beauty
Or lend a starrier coldness to your air.

If I were cleaving terrible waters
With death ahead on the visible sands
I could not turn and stretch my hands more wildly,
More vainly turn and stretch to you my hands.

J. P. M.

LA BAS

(Down There—La Bas. By Joris-Karl Huysmans. Charles and Albert Boni, 1924.)

IN this unbowdlerized translation of "La Bas," there is so much of what is unmentionable and unprintable, according to current newspaper usage of the terms, that its suppression at the hands of the postal authorities was inevitable.

According to Joyce (A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man) "the feelings excited by improper art are kinetic, desire or loathing." Now, in a believer in a personal devil, the greater

portion of "La Bas" must excite loathing; and for such a one the book will be preponderantly pornographic. Conversely, for a non-believer, the book will not be pornographic. But even in a believer the loathing will be excited by the subject-matter per se; not by the author's attitude toward it. For Huysmans, in so far as that is possible, is impartial, "objective."

"La Bas" is actually two books, or rather a book within a book. The outer book is in the form of a novel. Durtal, the protagonist of this novel, is, of course, Huysmans himself. And the novel is autobiographical, though it would be difficult to determine to what extent.

The inner book is a book which Durtal is writing—a study, historical and biographical of Gilles de Rais, the fifteenth century monster, surely the most astounding criminal in history.

Popular tradition has attached to the Marshal de Rais the name of Bluebeard, despite the dissimilarities between Gilles's history and the Bluebeard legend. What the two youthful defendants in a recent *cause celebre* perpetrated upon a small scale, Gilles de Rais perpetrated upon a grand. The number of his victims is rated as high as eight hundred. These he offered to Satan as sacrifices, hoping thereby to obtain the philosopher's stone and perennial youth.

The notes for his work on Gilles de Rais, Durtal reads to his friend Des Hermines. Des Hermines, parenthetically, is again Huysmans, or an aspect of him; and the given notes are actually a finished composition.

Now, in order to write the history of so redoubtable a Satanist as the Marshal de Rais, Durtal has had to familiarize himself with the literature of diabolism. Incubacy, succubacy, venefices, spells, the black mass—the esoteric beliefs and practices of the mediaeval Satanists he knows at second hand. Des Hermines assures his friend that "Satanism has come down in a straight, unbroken line from that age to this," and that "at this very hour the devil is being evoked and the black mass celebrated." To witness a black mass would assist Durtal signally in his work. But how effect an entrance?

A woman who has "just finished reading" his last book writes Durtal an in question, Mme. Chantelouve, the dez-vous. A *liason* results. The womon in question, Mme. Chantelouve, the wife of a writer of Lives of the Saints, has been at one time the "mistress" of Canon Docre, an unfrocked priest, an accomplished Satanist and celebrant of black masses. Through Mme. Chantelouve, Durtal is enabled to be present at one of these. The black mass and immediately after is the climax of the novel and the end of the *liason.*

I am not sure that several of the scenes between Mme. Chantelouve and Durtal are not "improper art" in the sense of Joyce's dictum. Since they are calculated to excite if not loathing, at any rate, distaste, they are, perhaps, pornographic.

But "La Bas" is not entirely compounded of Sadism and Satanism. Nor are all the characters so "unpleasant" as Mme. Chantelouve, Canon Docre, and (taking the book as a whole) Gilles de Rais. Durtal and Des Hermines are both excellent fellows at heart and good company. And Carhaix, the de-

vout, quaintly learned bellringer; his wife, who cooks such savoury, delectable dishes; and Gevingey, the astrologer, are the best of creatures.

Because of its greater unity of impression, I prefer Durtal's work on Gilles de Rais to the novel in which it is embedded. "La Bas" is cleverly pieced together; but the history is an organic whole. And what a marvellous narrative it makes, what superb drama! Like Mr. Lytton Strachey, like the author of "Ariel", Durtal writes biography with all the allure of fiction.

LOUIS GILMORE

SKYLINES AND HORIZONS

(Skylines and Horizons. By DuBose Heyward. MacMillan.)

MR. DUBOSE HEYWARD has developed a firmer hold on certain rhythms since the publication of "Carolina Chansons." "Skylines and Horizons" contains some genuinely vigorous verse, and proves that Mr. Heyward is already on occasion a good poet. He is an exceptional poet in emotional and visionary qualities, even when his verse is bad. And when he fuses his vision with the art of verse, which it is his obligation to do, he achieves something quite fine. The trouble with Mr. Heyward at present, it seems to me, is that he too often forgets the art of verse and publishes pieces which are almost purely ideational or emotional, or almost purely rhyme. There is little rhythmical vitality in this sort of verse after the first four lines:

> When we are older
> We can be tender.
> Now, with the splendor
> Of April about us,
> While we are bolder
> Than our doubters,
> There is a planet
> I must acquire
> Before they can ban it

The last half of that passage is merely rhyme.

Mr. Heyward has feeling, vision, imagination and all the necessary paraphernalia of the creative literary artist, with a strong percentage of human sympathy in his makeup. It seems to me that all he needs for real success in the field of poetry is a harder application to the qualities which distinguish poetry from other literature—rhythm and tone. He is moving in that direction. And he seems to me to have, in a way, hit his stride in "A Yoke of Steers," the first poem in this book. Here it is:

> A heave of mighty shoulders to the yoke,
> Square, patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn;
> The darkness swirling down beneath their feet
> Where sleeping valleys stir, and feel the dawn;
> Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,
> Taking the summit in a drench of day.
> The night-winds volley upward bitter-sweet,
> And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray
> Under the slow-moving, cloven feet.
> There is a power here that grips the mind;
> A force repressed and inarticulate,
> Slow as the swing of centuries, as blind
> As destiny, and as deliberate.
>
> They will arrive in their appointed hour
> Unhurried by the goad of lesser wills,
> Bearing vast burdens on.
> *They are the great*
> *Unconquerable spirit of these hills.*

J. P. M.

Books Received

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THE NATURE OF LOVE, by Emmanuel Berl. *The Macmillan Co.*, 1924.

DREAM FUGUE, by Charlotte Hardin. *Four Seas Co.*, 1924.

THE CITY, by Elinor Clipp. *Four Seas Co.*, 1924

TAMAR AND OTHER POEMS, by Robinson Jeffers. *Peter G. Boyle*, 1924.

THE ART OF CINEPLASTICS, by Ellie Jeffers. *Peter G. Boyle*, 1924.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS, by George Sylvester Viereck. *E. Haldeman Julius*, 1924.

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH MAN, by Edward Morrell. *New Era Publishing Co.*, 1924.

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